

CHILDREN'S

Did you ever look
In a child's clear eyes,
And feel the heaven that lay
In the innocent depth
Of the open soul,
As yet unclouded by clay?

Oh! a holy thing
In a child's clear eyes,
And tender the hand should be
That touches the flower
Still wet with the dew
Of Heaven's own mystery.

It was said "Of Old"
That the demon that strove
For the doom of the race that fell,
If meeting the look
Of a child's pure eyes
Sank down to their native hell.

And the truth that hides
In the myth "Of Old"
Broods on a star-dust rise:
For the highest heaven
Of innocence dwells
In the trust of a child's sweet eyes.

And this is the look
That the God-man loved,
When He gathered them close to His
breast,
And, having His hands
On their shining heads,
Pronounced them forever blest.

And the angel sent
From His kingdom above,
To watch, and to guard, and to stay,
Do always behold
The face divine
Of Him who spoke that day.

Are we worthy to share
The holy charge?
Let us fold our hands and pray,
Lest we merit the doom
Of those who can
"Offense" in the little one's way.
—Emily D. Dickinson, in N. Y.
Journal.

CAPTAIN NABB.

BY JAMES DICKINSON.

Great was the seafaring fame of
Capt. Nabb, in the little village back
among the Connecticut hills, from
which he had first gone forth with his
humble ship on a stick. Since that day,
30 years past, when he had set forth
to seek his fortune, the captain had
been four times around the world,
twice in his own ship, and had visited al-
most every known port in civilized and
uncivilized countries; had commanded
the largest merchantman in the
West India trade, and had won the reputa-
tion of first rank among expert and
daring navigators.

What wonder, then, that all Top-
sham was agog when the captain, one
fine evening in June, landed out of the
rocking old stage and announced in
hearty tones to his former townsfolk
—the majority of whom were assem-
bled at "the store"—that he had come
home for a two months' vacation. It
certainly seemed like an act of unparal-
leled condescension on the part of
the great navigator, and Topsham felt
duly honored.

It did not take the boys of the village
long to discover that Capt. Nabb was a
silly soul, and particularly open to ad-
vices from them; and soon, in spite
of the great man's awful fume, they
succeeded to take possession of him.
If it was rarely that the old man's
sturdy figure cruised about the village
being attended by a fleet of
—the old man's staid, hanging to him as
a shadow, and under the bows
of his ship.

Thus it naturally came to pass that,
when Benny Boardman and his younger
brother, Carl, became the owners of a
small sailboat on Duck pond, the first
thing that occurred to them was to
ask Capt. Nabb to accompany them on
their maiden cruise. The old sea-
man consented, after a glance at the
plans of the boat, and an in-
spection of the fresh inland air.
First, he said, he must go for his
—water, and his oilcloth suit, and
—other things. There was no
—what sort of weather might
—up before night.

At the appointed time Capt. Nabb
came down to the little wharf at the
—of the pond. He carried in his
—his waterproof garments, a large,
—a large compass, a compass as big
—the value of your two hands, a speak-
—a sextant and a sextant. "I never go
—about my tools, boys," he said,
—though it be in a wash tub." He
—down into the little catboat,
—his burden and himself in the
—and proceeded to instruct the
—the art of making sail. After
—the bungling, Ben and Carl
—their maimed, the captain east
—away they skimmed before a
—breeze down the bay.

—didn't much of a sheet of water
—were cruising on, to be sure. The
—about a mile long and half
—wide, perhaps; very irregular in
—with many little bays and
—where the water set back
—the main and swamp-grounds. Near
—a large brook entered, after
—windings through the marsh,
—the other end a brook, as like
—as the next pea in a
—the outlet of the pond. It
—he hard to say which was which,
—the other brook had any perceptible
—unless you observed the eur-
—the shores. On the whole, Duck
—was not pretty; but it was
—it was full of pickers and snags,
—in the shooting season the marshes
—were filled with wild fowl and plovers.

Capt. Nabb showed the boys how to
—and how to come up to the
—how to reef and cast anchor, how
—the helm and how to row, the
—the boat, ballast the boat, and
—meeting, passing or cross-
—of another craft. He had
—a nautical code at his tongue's
—the practice of seamanship in
—the practice of seamanship in
—he had to teach them, it was
—the limitations of a catboat
—made it impossible.

"Why, bless my eyes!" exclaimed the
captain, suddenly, as he finished an
exciting tale about a walrus hunt among
the icebergs of the North sea. "What's
become of the sun?"

"It's set," replied Benny Boardman.
"I saw it go down behind the pine hill,
half an hour ago."

"Are you sure?" cried Capt. Nabb,
leveling his five-jointed telescope to-
ward the pine hill. "It can't be more
than four o'clock."

"But I heard the whistle blow for six,
long ago," ventured Little Carl.
"Hush! the keys are right!" ex-
claimed the old navigator, as he pulled
out a large silver watch, almost as large
as a sawpan. "We must be getting
under way for home at once. Now then,
—all ready to go about!"

The captain threw over his helm,
and the little boat came slowly into
the light breeze, which had been steady-
ly falling for an hour. It was almost
a minute before the boat sailing sail
drew on the opposite bank. Capt. Nabb

looked anxiously to windward. "Con-
found your land breeze!" he said,
somewhat testily. "I believe we are
going to have a dead calm."

And so it proved. In ten minutes
more the little sailboat lay becalmed
in the center of the pond. Slowly the
twilight gathered, veiling the distant
hills, and obscuring the outlines of the
marshy shores. The old seaman fumed
and fretted. He placed his big com-
pass on the thwart in front of him, and
fixed the home-ward course by the needle
as well as he could, after studying vari-
ous fading landmarks with his glass.
His lips were shut very tightly, lest
any strong nautical language should
escape them in the presence of Benny
and Carl. But finally, as darkness closed
around, the necessity for utterance so
grew upon the old man that he seized
his speaking-trumpet, and, in tones that
made the shores reverberate, roared out:

"Topsham, ahoy! ah-o-y!"
The boys listened in awed silence,
but there was no reply to the stentorian
hail, though three and four times re-
peated. But as if the echoes, circling the
pond, had stirred some sluggish cur-
rent of air and set it flowing again, a
slight breeze began to stir the sail of
the Mermade, and she moved slowly for-
ward in the darkness.

Capt. Nabb's face beamed with de-
light, and, still in hand, he leaned over
the big compass and sailed away on
starboard tack. "Give us a song, my
hearties!" he cried, gayly, to Benny and
Carl. Then, straightening himself up,
he roared a stanza of a rollicking sea
ballad, beginning:

Oh, Nancy was a sailor's lass,
As fair as I have ever known;
The captain was about to start up
the chorus, when there came a swish-
ing sound across the bow of the Mer-
maid.

"Look out, captain! We are running
ashore!" cried Benny. "See! we are
in the swamp-grounds."

"Shiver my timbers!" shouted Capt.
Nabb, in amazement. He jibed the
Mermade, and she rushed through the
shallow water and the bending marsh-
grass till finally she brought up on a
muddy spit and stuck fast, while all
the deck hands, and the nautical in-
struments, pitched forward and brought
up in a heap in the low.

"Well, well!" panted Captain Nabb,
as he finally struggled up on a thwart.
"That's the first time I ever lost my
reckoning!"

"And it's the first time I ever lost
a tooth!" sputtered Benny, as he leaned
over the side of the boat.

"Dear me! That's too bad!" said the
captain. "I don't see how it happened.
According to the compass we should be
in clear water, steering a straight course
for the wharf."

"But, captain, you must remember
that the pond is crooked," suggested
Benny.

"Bless me! that's a fact!" cried the
old tar. "I never thought of it."
They all got out into the shallow
water, and after much pushing and
pulling, floated the Mermade again.
Then Capt. Nabb took an observation
of the stars, replaced his compass on
the thwart, and ventured upon a new
course. This at length brought them
into one of the two large brooks, but
which one they could not tell, as the
water was dead, and it was impossible
in the darkness to tell anything of the
surrounding country.

Then the great navigator, who had
been around the world, scratched his
head, and made another calculation;
the result of which was that, after sail-
ing, as it seemed, for hours, these night
explorers found themselves in the slug-
gish mouth of the other brook, quite
as uncertain as before which end of
the pond they had arrived at.

Thereupon Capt. Nabb seized his
speaking trumpet and bellowed again,
and this time he sent forth a less defi-
nite and confident hail:

"On shore! Ahoy!"
"Ahoy yourself! Don't deafen a fel-
low. What do you want?" came a growl
reply out of the darkness, not 50 yards
away.

Capt. Nabb lowered his trumpet rather
sheepishly. "We have lost our reckon-
ing, friend," he said, addressing his re-
marks to the unknown in the darkness.
"Will you kindly give us our bear-
ings?"

"You're just ten rods up Dead creek,"
replied the hoarse voice of the unknown,
"and I wish you'd back out and quit
seawing 'at pouts."

"Dead creek! Why, that's way at
the further end of the pond!" ex-
claimed Benny. "It's a mile from here
to the wharf, and I don't believe you can
ever sail us there in the world, cap-
tain."

"Right you are, youngster!" cried
the navigator, heartily, though it was
a sore blow to his nautical pride.

"Can't ye find your way home?" came
the voice out of the darkness.

"No!" replied the globe-girdler and
the two boys, in mournful chorus.

"I'll come aboard and sail ye there
for 75 cents." The proposition was
mercenary but practical, and had a
welcome ring of assurance in it.

Capt. Nabb hesitated, looked up at
the stars, then at the shivering boys.
"Lay aboard!" he said, shortly.

Half an hour later Benny and Carl
were crawling gratefully into bed, and
Capt. Nabb was packing his big black
bag, moved by a sudden, inextinguish-
able fire for the open sea.—Outlook

ALL KINDS OF PICKUPS.

In the Bermudas rats often build
their nests in trees, like birds and squir-
rels.

At Margate, an English watering
place, men and women are not per-
mitted to bathe in company.

A brilliant signal light at Atlantic
City is visible to miles at sea. Each year
it burns 2,200 gallons of oil.

The world is covered only in spots.
There are still 20,000,000 square miles of
the earth's surface that have not been
explored.

Water hyacinths, which cause so much
trouble by choking navigable streams
in Florida, afford good sustenance for
cattle, it has been found.

Degeane wood is imported from South
America and is used in making light
trout and bass rods. It is much like
lancewood, but lighter in weight, and is
sliced generally by the rod and tackle
men.

Buddhists believe that hell is a place
of eight divisions, each with a form of
punishment somewhat different from
the other seven. In the first division,
which is the easiest, the sinner walks
eternally in his bare feet over red-hot
needles, points upward.

More than 250 young ladies have
availed themselves of the privilege of

the Lafayette hotel, founded in Paris
by Dr. T. W. Evans, of Philadelphia, for
the benefit of his young countrywomen
who came to Paris as students.

David Crockett's masonic apron is
now in the possession of Mrs. E. M.
Taylor, of Paducah, Ky. It is in excel-
lent condition and treasured highly.
It was given to Mr. Taylor by a descend-
ant of a friend, one of the old-time set-
tlers, and an associate of Crockett.

WRITERS AND FICTION.

Sir Walter Besant, in collaboration
with Mr. H. Pollock, is about to publish
a volume of eight drawing-room plays.
A French author, M. G. Deschamps,
is trying to find out how far the charac-
ter of modern French fiction has affected
the marriage rate.

Hector Malot, the French novelist, is
going to make himself disagreeable by
publishing in his autobiography a key to
his romances, all of which, he de-
clares, he took from actual events.

W. A. Craigie has produced a volume
of Scandinavian folk-lore, beginning
with the most amusing and interesting
of the early sagas and legends and com-
ing down by groups into the field of
modern writings of the same character.

Will Carleton, who has recently gone
into story writing, continues to be the
industrial worker. Though he is now
recognized as an eastern man, he won
his fame in the west. He was reared
and educated in Michigan, but now
lives in a country with a Broadway
monthly called Everywhere. All his
writings are now first published in that
magazine.

MECHANICAL INSECTS.
There is an English insect something
like our bee, except that it is a rich
violet in color, which well deserves its
name of carpenter-bee. By the aid of a
chisel provided by nature this bee ex-
cavates a home in any piece of timber
that suits its purpose.

Not only do wasps make paper, but
even cardboard. In South America
there is a species of wasp that manu-
factures a cardboard so smooth and
firm that it may be written or drawn
upon, and it is in one way superior to
the article made by man, as it is water-
proof.

Some large beetles are as good as cir-
cular saws. They seize a branch or
twig with their deeply-toothed jaws
and whirl around and around until the
twig is sawed off. They have been
known to saw a twig as large as an
ordinary walking-stick in this manner.

There are other insects that use saws
which are much better made, finished
and sharpened than the finest ones of
steel. With these the little workers
undertake jobs that, proportionately,
no man would dream of attempting.
The saw-fly, which owns the nearest in-
strument of this sort, cuts a perfect
groove in wood.

NOVELTIES IN AMERICA.

There is a bedstead in the Whitney
mansion, New York city, which was
purchased by Col. Oliver Payne in 1883,
and which cost exactly \$10,000.

A village improvement society at
Woodstock, Vt., encourages the keeping
of neatly trimmed lawns by renting
lawn mowers to residents. It is a won-
derful idea.

Paper coffins are the latest novelty in
mortuary furniture. They are pressed
into shape from a mass of pulp, and,
when stained and varnished, look just
like wood.

At a Chinese funeral at Vianita, Cal.,
three Mongolians stood at the gate of
the cemetery, and to each person who
passed out they gave a new dime,
wrapped in paper. Some cute boys
quickly tumbled to the racket, and re-
turned through a hole in the fence sev-
eral times, to emerge publicly, on each
occasion with a fresh dime.

SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, SECOND JU-
dicial District, Territory of Arizona, in and
for the County of Gila.

Amelia Atkins, Plaintiff, vs. Job Atkins, De-
fendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the
Second Judicial District of the Territory of
Arizona, in and for the County of Gila, and the
complaint filed in said county of Gila, in the
office of the clerk of said District Court.

The Territory of Arizona sends greeting to
Job Atkins, defendant: You are hereby sum-
moned and required to appear in an action
brought against you by the above named plain-
tiff, in the District Court of the Second Judi-
cial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and
for the County of Gila, and answer the com-
plaint filed with the clerk of this court at Globe,
in said county (a copy of which complaint ac-
companies this summons), within ten days (ex-
clusive of the day of service) after the service
on you of this summons—if served in this coun-
ty; but if served out of the county, and within
this district, then within twenty days; in all
other cases thirty days;—or judgment by de-
fault will be taken against you according to
the prayer of said complaint.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail
to appear and answer the said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will apply to the
court for the relief demanded therein, and costs
and disbursements in this behalf ex-
pended.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Dis-
trict Court of the Second Judicial Dis-
trict of the Territory of Arizona, in and
for the County of Gila, this 25th day of
September, A. D. 1890.

O. N. CRESWELL,
Clerk.

Free Pills.
Send your address to H. E. Bucklen
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These pills are easy in action and are
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constipation and sick headache. For
malaria and liver troubles they have
been proved invaluable. They are
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every deleterious substance and to be
purely vegetable. They do not weak-
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SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, SECOND JU-
dicial District, Territory of Arizona, in and
for the County of Gila.

Amelia Atkins, Plaintiff,